

The most lamentable Tragedie

For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefes be returnd againe,
Euen in their throates that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You beauiie people, circle me about.
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs,
The vowe is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lavinia* thou shalt be imployde in these Armes,
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raise an armie there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Lets kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Lucius. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
The wofulst man that euer liued in Rome:
Farewell proude Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell *Lavinia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* liues,
But in obliuion and hatefull greefes:
If *Lucius* liue, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proude *Saturnine* and his Empreffe
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a power,
To be reuengd on Rome and *Saturnine*.

Exit Lucius.

of Titus Andronicus

*Enter Lucius sonne and Lavinia
the boy flies from her
der his*

Enter Titus Andronicus

Puer. Helpe Grandfater helpe
Followes me euery where, I know not
Good Vncle *Marcus* see how fast
Alas sweet aunt, I know not what
Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*,
Titus. She loues thee boy to death
Puer. I when my Father was
Mar. What meanes my Nephew
Titus. Feare her not *Lucius*
See *Lucius* see, how much shee
Some whether would she haue
A boy, *Cornelia* neuer with me
Red to her sonnes than she hath
Sweet Poetrie, and *Tullies* Orations
Canst thou not geesse wherefore
Puer. My Lord, I know not
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie doe
For I haue heard my Grandfater
Extremities of greues would not
And I haue read that *Hecuba* of
Ran mad for sorrow, that made
Although my Lord, I know not
Loues me as deare as ere my mother
And would not but in furie fight
Which made me downe to the ground
Causelesse perhaps, but pardon me
And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus*

Enter